



Weekly Repository.

"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

The Legends of Lampidosa.

By a Female Anchoret.

[By the particular request of a Lady, we insert the following interesting Tale, previous to the commencement of the new Novel promised in our last number. The merits of this Norwegian Legend will alone indemnify our fair readers for this postponement. But our friends will the more readily excuse this preference, when it is known, that to this Lady we are under many obligations, not only for literary favors, but for a number of respectable names, which her friendly influence obtained for us, in the fashionable circles of her acquaintance, as Subscribers to this paper.—ED.]

IN one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers; but the pastor's residence was easily found. THORSEN, tho his hut hardly afforded room for his own nu-

merous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf of bread composed of oatmeal mingled with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet, the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, custom, and peculiarities, of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the CAVERN OF DOLSTEIN, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The stranger listened earnestly; commented in language which betrayed deep science; and ended, by promising to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the Cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of the cavern, whose vacant aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds around and above it. "We must advance no farther, (said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm,) we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide." "Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has

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provided here?" rejoined the stranger, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak. "Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us; I see its white foam in the depth." Tho retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge; straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaping to a still lower resting place, was out of sight in a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. "Even this poor animal, (said Thorsen,) is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves." "Loose my cloak, old man! (exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named,) my life is a worthless hazard: but this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!" "It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and, exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer, but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam, left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures, which the clamor of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful, tho' ghastly pale, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet," said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips, from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed; and the traveller, tearing off his wet, half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he

had heard in the gulf of death, but could not distinguish his deliverers. "Poor blind boy! (said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek,) he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's reply to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect, of a journey from a very distant home, with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns, in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and, quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone thro' a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigor of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak; and, looking on the sleeping boy, whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year, with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him; but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant, whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us entrust this boy to her care; and if in one year ——" "In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him! (said the stranger, solemnly;) show me this woman." Tho such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance; and led the stranger by a private path

to the old fisherman's hut. CLARIBEL, his daughter, sate at the door, arranging the down-feathers of the beautiful Norwegian peasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-colored and robust, tho in his ninetieth year, was busied among his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman, (said he to Claribel) I am a traveller, with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness. I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke; while the blind boy clung to Claribel's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor, (says HANS-HOFLAND, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell) I am old, and my daughter may marry BRANDE, our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass, and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned, well satisfied, to his home; but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Tho a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which the guest had chosen to wrap himself, could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To live easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter, and brief summer, of Norway, passed away without event. ADOLPHUS, as the blind boy called himself, tho he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribel's pity to fondness. Under Hans-Holland's roof, there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribel's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman, whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lakes of Frederiestadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense se-

verity of a climate to which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribel, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her, when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The lady JOHANNA, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans-Holland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth; and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother. [To be concluded in our next.]

Were I to describe the blessing I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense, than learning. I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, wish a moderate but independent fortune.—Business, enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be holden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than to the school of Hippocrates.



Among the many anecdotes related of Goldsmith when quite a child, the following will serve as a specimen of his early wit:—A large company of young people, of both sexes, were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance a hornpipe; a youth playing to them at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician, very archly, as he supposed, compared him to Æsop dancing; and still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, our conceited gentleman had suddenly the laugh turned against him, by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort:

Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing.

[We shall avail ourselves of an opportunity presenting itself in the *Federal Republican* and *Baltimore Telegraph*, to point the finger of satyr at the errors and follies of the age. The following is the first of a series of original and entertaining numbers, from that respectable paper, well calculated to effect so desirable an object in a paper of this kind, and to aid the like labors of our philosophical friend *Sam Point*, whose "literary leisure," we are sorry to say, is so very limited, for the want of the necessary "travelling furniture," as he calls pecuniary resources, that we cannot depend on him alone, for this chief support of a miscellany uniting the "pleasant with the useful." We shall continue the numbers of the *Olio* as we receive them from Baltimore; and have no doubt but that they will always be acceptable to our readers.—ED.]

The Olio.

BY MARMADUKE MEDLEY, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

No. I.—*From the study of Marmaduke Medley, Esq.*

"If I smile at the perfumes with which Rufillus is scented, or at any similar piece of folly, must I of necessity be stigmatised as a man of an envious and malicious disposition?"—HORACE.

There are a set of us, right merry fellows, who love to look on, and 'laugh in our sleeves' at the 'fantastic tricks' of the 'upstart fopling.' To us, the vacant, vaporizing coxcomb, supplies ample food for mirth; and we view with pity, not unmixed with contempt, the supercilious arrogance of wealth. At thy shrine, O Momus! have we made our offerings, and to thy service have we dedicated our leisure hours. Full often has the expiring ray of the 'midnight lamp' gleamed on our social conclave; and the 'past twelve o'clock' of the melodious watchman, 'check'd the rapturous exultation swelling high,' by warning us it was time to separate. Yet merry as we are, we would not wish to be like

"The blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay!"

Therefore, we intend occasionally to beguile the dull monotony of a Winter's evening, with our sagacious speculations. But, at the same time, we assure the town, that as we have assumed the pen

as much for our own amusement, as their edification, so shall we lay it down whenever our ease or convenience shall require it, being totally regardless of any deprivation they may sustain by such procedure.

As to the critics, we covet neither their good, nor ill will; we hold them in most sovereign contempt: nor shall we notice their remarks, but continue to write on, regardless of their smiles or frowns, in our own way, and after our own manner; unless perchance, some puny whipster should have the temerity to court a castigation, then indeed we may deign to show how easy it is

"To break a butterfly upon a wheel!"

Every thing like personality is foreign to our intentions; and if any of our sketches should exhibit 'Nature, pictured too severely true,' we admonish those who would feign assume the 'cap and bells,' to be mindful how they unwittingly expose their frailties, and of their own accord furnish the public with a commentary for our next.

To those sapient gentry, the acuteness of whose visual faculties enables them to see farther into a millstone than their neighbors, and who are gifted with the happy knack of knowing an author by his *style*, or any other *infallible* sign, we recommend the following anecdote. We caution them, however, to beware how they 'bear false witness against their neighbor,' or attribute these, our sage productions, to beings whose brains, 'to dullness wed,' render them alike insignificant and contemptible. The anecdote is as follows:

Julius Scaliger wrote and published an *Oration* without his name, against the famous tract by Erasmus called *Ciceroneames*. Erasmus having perused it, immediately (and upon conviction as he thought) fixed upon Hieronimus Alexander, as the author of the whole, or the greater part of it, by signs which he conceived to be *certain and infallible!* These signs were strong indeed. His phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, his habits of life, and even the very intercourse which Erasmus had daily with him: nay, his genius and disposition were so evident, that Alexander could not be more intimately known to himself than he was to Erasmus. *Yet Erasmus was mistaken entirely.* His judgment and sagacity will not be questioned. But hear his own words, for on such an occasion as the present, they are particularly applicable—"From his phraseology,

his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, and other circumstances, I am convinced that the whole work, or the greater part of it, is the composition of Hieronimus Alexander. From my constant, familiar, domestic intercourse with him, I am so intimately acquainted with his genius and disposition, as he himself can be."

And now ye *bucks* and *beaux*, ye *hoidens* and *ye belles*, beware! we give you fair warning,

'If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.'

APPROVED,—January 7th, 1818,

MARMADUKE MEDLEY,
PRESIDENT.

• Seduction.

The influence which man seems by nature designed to hold over the mind of women, is often perverted to the basest of purposes. We admire the Divine wisdom which has ordered the mutual dependence of the sexes, in a manner, when properly pursued, to promote the purest felicity. But often we are called to witness scenes of the bitterest grief, from the abuse of this dependence, and the violation of that good faith, which is indispensable to the well-being of society. Man sometimes seems the sworn enemy of the other and better part of creation. Not content with ordering the great concerns of life with undisputed sway; not satisfied with the deference and the homage of woman; he aspires to another triumph, and in the pride of mental superiority, demands the sacrifice of the last and best appendage of her character—the right of being amiable. Woman was made to be 'an helpmate for man,' not to gratify a brutal and licentious passion. It is by dissimulation and deceit, that the work of seduction is accomplished. Treachery, bewitchingly arrayed in the garb of mutual tenderness, is the 'masked battery' under which the seducer effects his hellish purposes. Blasting innocence and virtue, and every lovely charm, in the execution of his infamous designs, he has Satan for his accomplice, ruin for his object, and, unless expiated by timely repentance, damnation for his punishment! A doating father, a weeping mother, and a train of endeared

relations, are left to mourn the depravity of man, and the weakness of woman; whilst the amiable and once virtuous maiden is rendered a scorn and derision to the world, left to saunter out a miserable and friendless life in brothels and seraglies, and eventually dies amidst disease and wretchedness. It never was designed by the Author of our existence, that there should be a perfect community of sentiments and studies between the sexes. It is the prerogative of woman to exercise a policy which man can never fathom; and it is both her duty and her interest to exercise it while dangers crowd all around her at every step, and when the most scrupulous rectitude is expected in all her actions. It is this distinct empire which gives her loveliness and importance, and secures to her the virtuous part of the other sex. The fortress of female virtue is ever invested by the persevering subtlety of passion. The object is selected; and neither the sighs of innocence, the devotion of love, nor the chidings of conscience, can arrest the obdurate adventurer, or rescue the devoted victim.

I once saw the distracted maid, whom cool, deliberate perfidy, had destroyed. She sat in the silence of the deepest grief—her form, which had been fashioned by nature's finest hand, was wan and wasted: Woe had marked her for its own. She seemed to court agony, solitude and death. Her hollow eye was immovably fixed on the feature of her prattling boy, who sported on her lap, unconscious of the horrors of his mother's mind. I imagined her soul contemplating but three beings in the universe—her babe—her destroyer—and her God. Methought she counted the moments as they rolled, till her body should be laid in the silent tomb, and her spirit ushered to that unknown world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

LUCRETIA.

Look at this, Ladies!

A society of young men in the state of Connecticut have adopted into their constitution an article to this effect—"that no member shall be permitted to marry, under any circumstances, an illiterate woman." A committee is appointed to examine any female candidate for matrimony before she can be admitted to a connection with any of the society. The consequence is that upwards of forty old maids, have moved within the space of a year to the western country in despair.

To the Editor.

As I see you are a little given to criticism. I would request you to take notice of a certain family of words, with which undoubtedly you are acquainted, that makes some mischief among our good citizens. *Asparagus* is one of the fraternity, which by the multitude is called *sparrowgrass*. "It may be observed," says Walker, "that such words as the vulgar do not know how to spell, and which convey no definite idea of the things are frequently changed by them into such words as they do know how to spell, and which do convey some definite idea."

Lantern has by some been pronounced *lanthorn*, because transparent cases for candles were made of horn; *cowslip*, *cowslop*, because a cow might eat it; *cucumber* is settled down into *cowcumber*, perhaps for the same reason; *Panther* is often called *Painter*, perhaps because he gives a red color to his victims; and *niggard*, *neegurd*, from a vulgar notion that a *negro* is a *neegur*. Perhaps *pronunciation* for pronunciation, *maintainance* for maintenance, *grainary* for granary, *appearantly* for apparently, *needcessity* for necessity, and *inflameable* for inflammable, may belong to the same class.

Yours in haste,

Z.&.

SOME OLD SCRAPS.

During a very fine solo on the violin, at one of the London oratorios, a countryman who had obtained admission to the gallery, exclaimed—Good lack! what a while that man is tuning his fiddle!

A lawyer in cross examining a witness, asked among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, in company with two friends. 'Friends?' exclaimed the lawyer, 'two thieves, I suppose you mean.' 'They may be so,' replied the witness, 'for they are both *lawyers*.'

The fellows of Balliol College, in Oxford ordered the gates to be shut on the fast day. Dr. Leigh, the master, said on the occasion, 'We are very strict in the observance of this day; we not only fast ourselves, but we make the *gates fast* also.'

One Brown, an Englishman, living at Barbadoes, had there a sugar work and a number of negroes; and having been robbed of a large sum of money, he called all his negroes together, saying the Great Serpent just now appeared to me in private, and assured me that he who stole my money should this instant have a parrot's feather sticking in his nose. The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. 'Thou art the thief,' said Brown; and by this means he recovered his property, and the negro was hanged.

A lady sung so sweetly that she captivated a British nobleman. Shenstone remarked that marrying a woman for her voice was like eating a nightingale for its singing.

Sunday Reading.

"Where art thou?"

Never, perhaps, was the soul of a mortal harrowed with more dreadful sounds, than was that of our fallen first father, when he heard this awful interrogation from the lips of the Lord God, from whose all-piercing eye he was vainly endeavoring to hide himself in the groves of Eden.

I gazed upon the momentous scene—in listening to that terrible voice of the Almighty—we are not, as in perusing productions of the imagination, to consider ourselves unconcerned spectators. As is the root, so are the branches. We are progenitors of that disobedient parent. Growing up in habitual transgression of the divine commands which require cheerful and continued obedience, we are also obnoxious to our Creator; and the question "where art thou?" should be considered by every one of us as addressed to his own heart.

"Where art thou?" O my soul! In a world created by a Being of infinite benevolence; in a world which at its formation was pronounced good. Nor is that Being changed—he is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever; nor is that world altered, except that its only rational inhabitant is defiled by sin. By the wise constitution of the universe, nothing but holiness can ensure final triumph and joy; thou art but unholy. In this state, anguish awaits thee, for infinite benevolence must as necessarily punish sin, as reward holiness. Then to answer the purpose of thy existence, this fountain of bitter waters must be made sweet.

"Where art thou?" O my soul! In which of the numerous hosts art thou enrolled—in the ranks of the enemy of righteousness, or in the army of the living God? Hast thou submitted to the only way whereby God sees fit to promote holiness in his offending creatures, by penitence and faith? or art thou still at variance with the Deity, and desiring, like thy first father, to hide thyself from his presence? If so, thy boasted goodness will prove insufficient. The fountain will be found corrupt. Press the inquiry with ardor; for interminable events, in which thou art supremely interested, hang upon thy cordial conclusion.



SALLY SNOW.—A VISION.

Twas silence all, the rising moon
With clouds had veil'd her light—
The clock struck twelve, when lo! I saw
A very chilling sight.

Pale as a snowball was its face,
Like icicles its hair;
For mantle it appear'd to me
A sheet of ice to wear.

Tho' seldom given to alarm,
I faith! I'll not dissemble,
My teeth all chatter'd in my head,
And every joint did tremble,

At last I cried, "pray who are you,
And whither do you go?"
Methought the phantom thus reply'd,
"My name is Sally Snow."

"My father is the northern wind,
My mother's name is Water,
Old parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful daughter."

"I have a lover, Jackey Frost,
My dad condemns the match,
I've run from home this night to meet
My love with great dispatch."

I stopp'd miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer thus to cast in,
"I hope if John and you unite,
Your union wont be lasting."

"Besides, if you should marry him;
You never would do well, O!
For I know Jackey Frost to be
A very slippery fellow."

She sat her down before the fire,
My wonder now increases,
For she I took to be a maid,
Soon tumbled into pieces.

For "air, thin air," did Hamlet's ghost
His form at cock-crow barter;
But what I saw and now describe,
Disolved itself to water.

THE WREATH OF HOPE.

Hope wove me a wreath of the brightest of flowers,
It was thornless and fair to the view,
Its fragrance was sweet as the genial showers,
Or the breath of the mild summer dew.

There the rose, and the lily, the jessamine twined,
And the hairbell of beautiful hue;
While the sweetest lathyrus its tendrils inclined
To clasp every bud, as it blew.

Their corals wide spreading with brilliant display,
Softly throb'd with the gale of the morn,
And the nectar that sweeten'd the breeze of the day,
On the breath of the evening was borne.

Delighted I gazed on the beautiful wreath,
And hop'd it might never decay;
Just then a keen blast with the finger of death,
Swept all the gay petals away.

A tear touch'd my cheek when the faded remains
Drest in thorns, met the glance of my eye—
And thus I exclaim'd, do hope's gifts turn to pains,
They blossom, they bloom, but they die.

S.

A BACHELOR'S PRAISE* OF WOMEN.

Happy a man may pass his life,
While free from matrimonial chains,
When he is govern'd by a wife,
He's sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to declare
The failings which in women dwell;
The worth that falls to woman's share,
Can scarce be call'd perceptible.

In all the female race appear
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
Truth—darling of a heart sincere,
In woman never can reside.

They're always studying to employ
Their time in vanity and prate;
Their leisure hours in social joy
To spend, is what all women hate.

Destruction take the men I say,
Who make of women their delight;
Those who contempt to women pay,
Keep prudence always in their sight.

*Read the 1st and 3d, then the 2d and 4th lines
of each verse, and the "truth" will appear.

LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, EVERY SATURDAY,
BY HENRY C. LEWIS.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1818.

EDITOR'S DIARY.

Office Removed.

The many disadvantages which attended the printing of this paper at Bush-Hill, from its commencement, induced the editor to seize the opportunity which the completion of the volume presented, to remove his family, and printing materials, to a more local situation. The printing and publication offices are now under one roof; where Mr. Lewis will attend, at all times, to transact any business connected with the "Ladies' Literary Museum," and also with the execution of Printing in general. This locality of situation, tho not quite so central as might be desired, will enable the editor to attend more immediately to all the branches of the establishment, and give such additional "tone and vigor" to the paper, as cannot but be duly appreciated by the discerning and generous Ladies of Philadelphia; on whom alone it depends for an increase of circulation in that high class of respectability which a reference to our late list of patrons will readily designate to the reader.

The "Ladies' Literary Museum," is now *printed and published at No. 164, South Eleventh Street, (opposite 157, the late "publication" office,) between Locust and Spruce Streets;* where all Orders will be attended to immediately by the editor.

A Letter Box.

For the deposit of anonymous literary contributions, will be placed in the window of this office, to afford "modest merit" an opportunity to communicate for insertion, without the least fear of discovery, the effusions of their leisure hours;—and we pledge ourselves, to make no severe animadversions on any adventurer on the "ocean of ink," who may be so unfortunate as to make a disastrous voyage.

Carrier's neglect.

From a few, we have heard, that they have not received all their Numbers. It must be recollect-ed, that the editor has not trusted the delivery of this paper to "heedless boys," as has been too often the case in other publications. He has attended to *every* branch of this establishment himself, that could ensure regularity and dispatch;—and when his editorial labors ceased for the week, has carried his work home to his employers. In no instance, can he attach to himself, neglect—that every subscriber has been duly served, with his or her paper, *at their doors*, he can assert with confidence. Did he entrust this business to another, ever so faithful, he could not make this asser-tion. But, suffer us to remark, that in too many cases, *gentleman-servants* are heedless and care-less of any paper, delivered to them, in any other shape than that of a daily newspaper....wisely *presum-ing* that it is some useless *subscription-proposal!* for which the bearer is *to trouble him again!*—and as few such papers are ever preserved, fewer still reach the eyes of their master or mistress. May not this hint account for the *apparent neglect* of the editor.

Terms of Advance Payments.

We must particularly acknowledge our thanks to several subscribers, for the liberal and *early* payment of the year's *advance*, according to our new "Terms," notwithstanding the unavoidable postponement of publication, occasioned by the loss of time in removing our materials. And altho in some instances, our offer to reduce the price to three dollars, has been refused, and four dol-lars generously tendered for the present year, we must, while we gratefully thank them, earnestly observe, that we cannot with propriety accept four dollars from one and three from another for the same period. We hope that such of our pa-trons, who really wish to serve us, by paying the amount of a year's subscription, will serve them-selves also, and tender no more than the amount which we wish to establish as the permanent price for a whole year, when paid in advance, viz: Three dollars. This proposition, if generally accepted, will be of infinite advantage; as the dif-ficulties we labor under, for the want of pecuniary means to carry on the establishment with proper spirit and energy, operates alike against the cir-culation and improvement of the paper, and our own ease and credit.